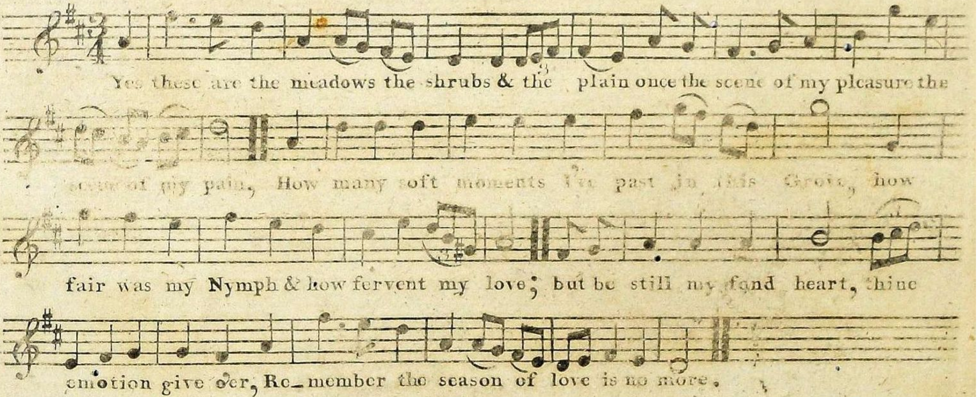
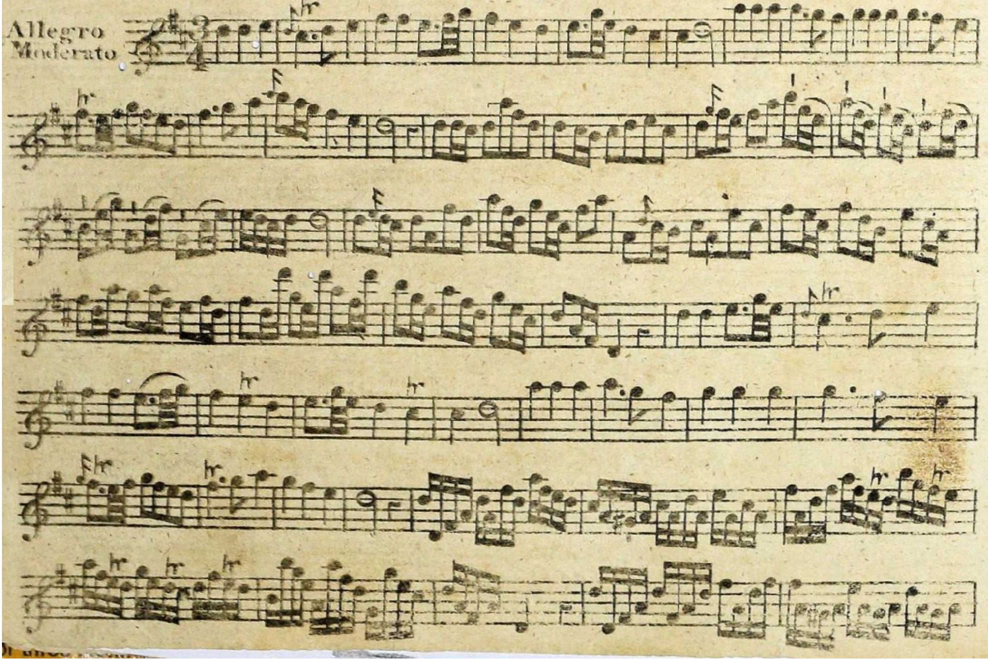
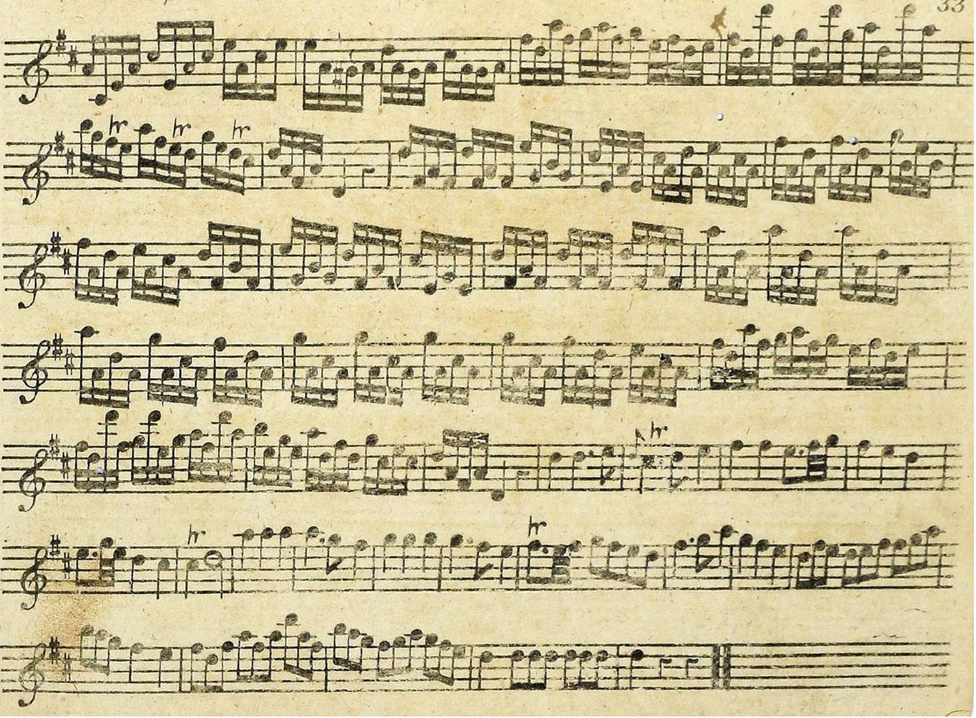
The SEASON OF LOVE IS NO MORE.

A Favorite Song by HINDLE.



With her how I've, stray'd, amidst Fountains and Bowers,
Or loiter'd behind, and collected the Flowers,
Then breathless with ardour my fair one pursued,
And to think with what kindness my Garland she view'd
But be still my fond heart, thine emotion give o'er,
Fain would'st thou forget thou must love her no more.

GOD SAVE THE KING. WITH VARIATIONS.